The Salt River Journal.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GARDEN GIRL OF EDEN BANK.

'Will you ride to Eden Bank, to-day?' said my uncle, the morning after his return from Kentucky.

I laid down my book, and saddled my nag; for it was one of those bright May mornings, when a man seems to be as properly on horseback, as a bird upon the wing.

'And pray where is the Eden Bank?' said I, as I reached the lane.

'Its the place,' answered my uncle, "that belonged to old Squire Stone, whose will Iv'e been trying to hunt in Kentucky. It's now in the hands of Daniel, the eldest son a man universally despised as a miserable old scoundrel that persecuted his brother John to death, ahd would have sold his skin if it had been worth tanning. It is said that the old man willed the estate to John, and that Daniel has secreted the will, but it's all guesswork. I'm going now to make interest with the old hound for a child that John has left—a poor creature that has no friend in the world, save those God may raise up among strangers.'

The words of my uncle, the pure elastic air, and the life-giving tread of my horse—all conspired to rouse my benevolence and my destructiveness till I came very near getting into a passion. All sorts of chivalrous plans ran riot in my brain, and I fought battle for many an orphan, and cut most venomously with my riding stick, at every pawpaw bush we passed; indeed I was rising in my stirrups to utterly annihilate the possessor of Eden Bank, when the place itself came in sight.

It was one of those gently rounded declivities which are only seen in the west and it looped down to, and half inclosed a little prarie spot of perfect green; upon the bank grew tall and massive trees, under which the sward spread, innocent of underbrush; and through which the white-walled cottage was seen peeping; while upon the prarie there was not a shrub. There were walks about the house, and flower plots; there were young and fresh arbers too, around the old oaks—and the cottage itself was half covered with clinging vines. As we followed the winding path among the trees, I observed to my right a tall, slight, sunburnt girl, in a little chip bonnet, weeding one of the flower beds; she looked up as we passed, half bowed, I thought and bent to her labor. Cursing the old miser that would send a woman to field work under such a sun, I rode on, determined to have another peep at those bright eyes, though they did belong to a servant girl.

We found, "Daniel the unjust" at home; he was a big man, with a passionate vacant face, neither strong nor amiable, but working as though the fires of his heart had dried his brain up. He gave a surly welcome, and as my uncle came on business, soon left me to amuse myself with my riding whip. Now was my time for seeking the lassie of the hoe again and I strolled away toward the garden. I looked to the spot where I had seen her, but she was gone, and I began to think my plans at an end when I saw in one of the bowers that I spoke of, a fold of the coarse check that adorned my Dulcinea,—leaping from one walk to another I soon came near enought to see her through the leaves, while she was too busy to notice me. And busy with what, think ye? Why, with a book; over which she hung, while her black hair fell in festoons, after its own fashion from an immense thorn, which did service in place of a golden bodkin. "Well,"—thought I,—"this is a very pretty remarkable servant girl,"—and I was afraid to disturb her; but I thought that I should cut a small figure if I ran away without even a look at her face and so marching forward and determined to ask some question about the grounds, I broke in upon her studies. She looked up, smiled and blushed, and before I could open my mouth, offered me her hand. "Well, this is western, indeed," said I to myself; however, I could not refuse, though I again thought she was a most singular domestic, so pressing her hand, which was neither large nor hard, and replying to her frank kind smile by another which if not as sweet had certainly more wonder in it—I sat down by her on the bench of turf. She had been reading Miss Edgworth's "Simple Susan" and as I took the little volume from her, I saw that the page was blistered with tears. "A beautiful story." said I.

'And do you think,' said she. 'that it's a story? I believe it's true,' and then she went to tell me how there must be such people as Susan, and little Mary and Philip; she said she had known them ever so long; when she was a little girl in Kentucky. She had slept in the woods and dreamt of them and had lain by the spring under the sycamore and cried for poor Susan and the little lamb;—and as she spoke, her eyes filled with tears, and she leant back against the tree, and looked up into the clouds.

Well really thought I again, this is a most wonderful girl to be hoeing in the flower beds.'

'Would you like,' said she, 'to go with me and see the spring?' Now I was in a pretty fix, to be sure; I liked something about the damsel very much, she was so open, frank pleasant, and imaginative withal; but then for me to be seen weeping salt tears under the sycamore, with old Dan Stone's sentimental garden girl, was something I could not stand; fortunately my uncle's shout, calling me "to horse," came to my relief, and with another long shake of the hand, and a promise to come again, I got out of the scrape as well as I could.

'And what have you done for the orphan!'

'Nothing,' said my uncle: and so I jumped back to my dreams of killing tyrants, and cutting off the heads of old uncles; and, somehow, I found I was doing it all for the dark-eyed lady of the thorn bodkin.

Every day for a week or more after this ride I sought for an excuse to revisit the Eden Bank; but none came, and my memory of the scene in the bower became as vague and as pleasant as if it had been all a dream. But one evening my uncle startled me, inquiring if I would trot over for him to the Bank next day; of course I said 'ay,' and after a night of queer visions and restless sleep, sped joyfully to see a servant girl.

"How are the mighty fallen!"

I delivered my package, tied my horse to an oak, and wandering into the grove, half hoping, half fearing, to meet my nameless maiden of the hoe, I went to the bower, but she was not there, I looked over the garden but saw no sign of her, and after searching every dell and clump of trees, was about to give up the hope of meeting, her when a form, that I felt certain of, passed into a log hut just over the run. I made for the spot at once, knocked, and the door was opened by her. She had on the same check gown, and carried a little child on her arm. 'Thank you,' said she in a whisper, and in a manner that struck me as oddly, as did the Yankee stage driver's question to the Worthy Prince of Seix Weimer when the night of the whip observed. 'If your'e the man what's to ride, I'm the gentleman what's to drive you.'—With suprise similar to the Prince's I say, I received her thanks and her orders, for she told me the family was sick, and she knew I would help the sick, and with a smile that made even her presumption pleasant she bade me go half a mile over the hill for the doctor, and tell him to come at once. Of course I did so and returning with the man of phials; we found her tending the child, nursing the mother, and cooking some queer-looking compound over the coals.

'Well thought I, 'that old Stone is not so bad after all, to send his girl and such a girl, to see his sick tenants: but thinking he might be more liberal of service than the cash, I determined to offer my purse to my friend Effie, for so the doctor called her, and beckoning her from the room, placed it in her hand. 'Again I thank you' said she warmly; 'it shall be spent in God's service, and he will return it you four fold. But I must not leave them; good bye. Come again soon. I often think of you,' and pressing my hand she returned to the sick woman's bed side.—'She often thinks of me!' repeated I to myself, 'a girl that goes out to service by the month. often thinks of me!' and I can assure you I did my lip some damage in quieting certain bumps of self-esteem, &c.

However, a week convinced me that biting my lips would do no good. I could not sleep nor could I eat; I could neither think, read, work nor shave; my skin became feverish, and my nails very long. These were bad symptoms, but they were nothing to what was going on inside. 'Such a row, rumpus, and a rioting,' as was kicked up in my poor heart, you've no idea of.

'Are you in love with that jade!' growled Self-Esteem.

'Will you lower yourself by marrying common help!' whispered Approbativeness.

'Is it possible you can think of a girl without education?' sneered the Intellectual.

'But then what a heart!' answered the Moral.

'Think of her by the sick-bed,' said Benevolence, modestly touching my elbow.

'Think of the salt tears under the sycamore,' roared the sense of the Ridiculous; and so the debate went on and I none the wiser.

But though time and tide change for no man, the tide of feeling changes now and then for some woman; so that, after a pretty hard civil war, the highest sentiments, I am happy to say conquered, and thought it was noon, I saddled my poney at once, and before I reached the Eden Bank you might have shaved him without soap.

I don't know what led me in the direction of the famous spring under the sycamore, but at it I went, as though the sheriff had been at my heels. Pausing upon the top of the declivity, I looked down, and as I live she was there. My resolution to tell her how I loved her, for an instant failed, and then rose again stronger than ever. As I came near, she saw me, and came to me with both hands outstretched as if she had read my purpose.

'I have longed to see you,' she said; 'for though I have seen you only twice, I know you very well indeed, I sit here and dream about you by the hour.'

This speech unsettled all my resolves again; to be in love with one below me was bad enough, letting alone having her dream of me in this fashion and yet it was mere simplicity, for she evidently had no idea how her words would be construed; she spoke like a lost child that is full of affection and void of all suspicion, clings to the first kind stranger it meets.

'I was feeding my birds,' she said, 'when you came up; but they are afraid of you and have all flown away.'

'But you are not afraid of me, Effie?' said I.

'Oh no!' she cried.

'And would you like to live with me?'

'If you would come and live with me at Eden Bank.'

'But supposing I should take you elsewhere, Effie?'

'I could not leave the Eden Bank,' she said.

'But supposing I were to marry you Effie?'

She looked at me as one just freed from blindness might at the sun. There was a wonder, and joy, and doubt in her clear eye, and scarce-lifted lip. I thought it might be she feared her parents would not consent—and said,

'Have you a father, Effie?'

'No.'

'And where does your mother live?'

'I have no mother.'

'But you have brothers—sisters!'

'Not one.'

'No relative?'

'None but my uncle.'

'And, who is he?'

Effie, whose head had sunk between her hands when I asked about her father, now looked up, and starting to her feet as she looked, pointed to some object behind me; I turned, it was Daniel Stone, Esq.—"that is my uncle," she said.

If there had been time, what a caper I should have cut! She was not a servant girl, after all. But, oh! how far different!—She was the opressed and injured orphan in whose cause I had already slain such a number of pawpaw blossoms. Now it was clear why she longed to see me; clothed by her uncle in the coarsest garb and sent to weed his garden, without parent or brother, or friend—I had been kind to her, and to me had been given those strong and living bonds that should have bound her to the last.—These things scarce flashed on me, ere the uncle demanded what I did with his niece; and bade her go to work. She would have gone, but taking her hand I stayed her.

'Mr. Stone,' said I, 'I came here to ask this young lady to marry me, not knowing she was your niece. Your consent you may give or not as you please; I know you sir, from head to toe, and every dark and dirty hole and corner in that heart of yours. If you like the match, well; if you will provide for your niece, well again; but I shall ask nothing of you but to stand out of the path, and let us pass.'

This speech was not precisely what I would have made it if I had time, but it pleased me pretty well, and what was more, made the old man do as I wished him—stand aside.

Even as she was, I took my bride home, check apron and all I left her in the parlor; and going to my uncle's room—"Uncle," said I, Effie Stone's down stairs, and I'm going to marry her." And when, to elucidate the remark, I told him the whole tale, I found the old rogue had known her all the while; but having suspected my error, from something I said, had kept silence. He called Sylva, and by her aid the fugitive was provided for. "To-morrow you shall be married," said my uncle.

To-morrow came very slowly; but nevertheless, it came and went. We were married. Every body has been married, and it is needless to say any thing about it. After the wedding we had a little sober supper at which my old opponent, Mr. Lamb, gave us a toast. "Daniel Stone—"May he soon be a Daniel coming to judgment." It was a bad joke for him, but every one except poor Effie laughed a great deal, and hoped it might turn out so; and so it did.

Some ten days after our marriage my uncle told me with a long face, that he feared we should have to go to law, though he hated to set a bad example. It seemed he had a clue to the will of old Stone, and hoped to get the Bank for me. The suit was instituted, and in two years we had judgment.—Old Daniel did all the harm he could to the place before he left it, but it was repaired long ago.

The bower where we met is still to be seen, and Effie still weeps over the same copy of "Simple Susan." A little lodge has been built over the spring by the sycamore, and many an evening do I spend there, with her whom I loved in the teeth of prejudice, and whom I have found, though devoid of earthly learning, to be full of that wisdom which makes the heart glad. And should any of you visit our country, I can assure you a kind welcome from the *Garden Girl of Eden Bank.*

FOR THE JOURNAL.

OBSERVATIONS ON COMMON SCHOOLS.

Since the creation of the world, there never was, perhaps, a country that rose so rapidly as this has done; who so desires to learn its probable destinies, would do well to read the article "America," in the Encyclopedia Britannica. In agriculture and in commerce—in the luxuries of life and in the arts—for good legislation, and general enterprise, these United States rank high in the scale of nations; but, in the matter of Education and sound learning, they are miserably in the back ground, and the reason is obvious. In this country no class of professional men is paid so poorly as teachers.—Small indeed is the inducement held out to ripe scholars to become such. This is a most mischievous error on the part of the citizens; they are penny wise in a matter of ineffable importance, and then they lament that they have among them so few well qualified Preceptors. The consequence is, that inefficient men—men altogether unfited from habit, from want of education, and inexperienced in the arduous business of teaching, set themselves up as instructors of youth.—The imposture that is practised in this vitally important office is truly frightful, and would stagger all belief.

A teacher ought to be a man of extensive acquaintance with the principles of science. He is thought by the confiding pupil to be incapable of any measure, or even intention, at variance with honest views of promoting the best interests of those entrusted to his care. And he ought, accordingly, to enlist all his energies in promoting the solid improvement and moral growth of every mind submitted to his influence. Nor does his influence stop here. We go out into the world and retain our school house impressions of our former instructor. No matter what may be our mental superiority, or subsequent acquisition; we still think of our former school master, as the same great man, which relatively to ourselves, he was in the period of our novitiate. He should thoroughly understand what he professes to teach. For who can communicate intelligibly to another that which he himself does not clearly comprehend? Nor is it enough once to have understood what he professes to teach. He should review his studies. This is necessary in order to promptness of explanation; without which, much time must be lost to his pupils, and sluggish habits of mental action, unavoidably induced upon both him and them. He should be master of his subject—familiar with its details—clear in his explanations—rapid in his mental movements—glowing in his conceptions of truth—impassioned in his admiration of its beauty—and incessant in his endeavors to produce the same results on the minds of his pupils.

On the duties of the parents, in the 1st place, they should offer a price, that would influence a man competent to teach, to take charge of a school. 2. In the second, they should provide suitable accommodations for a school. Children cannot learn when uncomfortable. And they cannot be comfortable either in cold weather or hot, unless the school house can be both warmed and ventilated, as occasion may require. 3. They should furnish or compensate the teacher for furnishing uniform sets of suitable class books. No teacher can instruct successfully when the variety of books is nearly equal to the whole number of scholars. Every thing that saves time to the teacher, must benefit the school. And nothing is more desirable to a conscientious instructor, than to be able to devote a large portion of his time to every individual under his care. But this cannot be done without careful classification, which classification is impossible without a uniformity of class books. As we value the improvement of our children, then we ought not only to permit, but to encourage the instructers whom we employ, to introduce as rigid a system of classification, and as great a uniformity of books into the schools as possible. But still more than books and classification is needed to furnish a school house. They should be furnished with maps, globes, and black-boards, and other suitable apparatus to illustrate the branches of knowledge, which we expect our children to learn.

Philonusus.

Dr. Franklin said, "When I see a house well furnished with books and newspapers, there I see intelligent and well informed children; but if there are no books or papers, the children are ignorant if not profligate."

Just so. The doctor was a sensible man. A newspaper in every family, a bible in every family, and a school in every district, all valued and studied as they deserve to be, are the principal supports of sound and civil liberty.

Fate of the Apostles.—St. Matthew.—This apostle and Evangelist is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with a sword at a City of Ethiopia.

St. Mark.—This Evangelist was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt untill he expired.

St. Luke.—This Evangelist was hanged upon an Olive Tree in Greece.

St. John.—This apostle and Evangelist was put into a Caldron of boiling oil, at Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus in Asia.

St. Peter.—This apostle was crucified at Rome with his head downwards, by his own request thinking himself unworthy to die in the same posture and manner of his blessed master.

St. James the great—This apostle was beheaded at Jerusalem.

☞St. James the less.—This apostle was thrown from a pinnacle, or the wing of the Temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Philip—This apostle was hanged up against a pillar at Hecrapolis a city of Phryga.

St Bartholomew—This apostle was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew—This apostle was bound to a cross, where he preached to the people until he expired.

St Thomas.—This apostle was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude.—This apostle was shot to death with arrows.

St. Simeon.—Zealot—This apostle was crucifiedfied in Persia.

St. Matthias.—This apostle was first stoned and then beheaded.

St Barnabas—This apostle of the Gentiles was stoned to death by the Jews, at Salonis.

St. Paul.—This apostle was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero.

Quite A Miss-take.—A young lady a few evenings since, said to her *cavalier servante*, "please clasp my cloak?" "Certainly," said he, throwing his arms around her, and the contents too.—[*New York Planet.*

SPRING CROPS.

Potatoes are a crop that may be planted early, or at almost any time between the middle of April or the middle of June, with a reasonable prospect of a crop. Dry sandy soils are not as good for potatoes as one containing more vegitable matter, more moist, and consequently more cool. The varieties the best for the table are rarely abundant bearers, the Pinkeye or the Mercer for example though fair crops of these are sometimes grown. The Long Red, the Sardinia, and now, the Rohan, are considered the most productive, and of course the best for general cultivation or for feeding. The Rohan seems destined to introduce a new era in potatoe culture, and valuable as this root has proved, shows that by orignating new varieties, greater excellence and greater productiveness may be expected. Potatoes *may* be planted in rows or in drills; they may be planted whole or in sets, and if the soil is of the proper quality, and the after culture good, the crop rarely fails. Last year a farmer in Vermont, turned over a piece of turf land carefully, rolled it well and leveled, and then with a stick made holes a few inches in depth between every second furrow slice, into which a potatoe set was placed, and the holes filled up with mellow soil to the level of the field. The piece had *no further labor* put upon it, and the crop was at the rate of 400 bushels to the acre. Thirty two loads of manure to the acre was placed on the turf before plowing, and turned under, and the sets were placed two feet apart in the rows. Where potatoes are planted on clean sward land, some have recommended that pumpkins should be planted with them, as usually a good crop of pumpkins may be obtained with little or no injury to the potatoe crop.

Corn is one of the most important crops grown in the United States, and every thing relating to it demands unusual care and attention. The selection of seed, choice of soil, preparation of land, after culture of the crop, are all things that must be well looked to or a partial or total failure of the crop may be expected. While the average corn crops is not more than 35 or 40 bushels per acre, multitudes of instances are on record in which more than 100 bushels have been grown, and a few of more than 150 bushels to the acre. Last year in one county in New Hampshire, no less than three premiums were claimed for more than 130 bushels to the acre. It is idle to plant corn on land not naturally dry, or that has not been made so by draining. There is no crop grown that more delights in warm dry soil than maize, and there is none that will resist the effects of drouth longer. The soil too must be rich. A poor soil, and good corn is incompatable. Corn is one of the crops to which manure may be applied the most advantageously, and if mixed with the soil there is scarcely a possibility of applying too much. If unfermented stable manure is used in the hill, too much may be injurious, as instances have occured in which the vitality of the seed has been destroyed or materially